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the Lone Ranger



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the Lone Ranger

ADVENTURE AT ROCKPOINT

THE CASH IS ALL
LOCKED IN THE
SAFE, AS IT SHOULD BE.

FIVE, BENTON! EXCEPT FOR
ME, I REMAIN THE CASHIER
THE LAST PERSON TO
LEAVE MY BANK!

I LIKE BANK WORK, HE DOWNHILL! WE QUIT
EARLY! GIVES ME SOME DAYLIGHT HOURS TO
WORK WITH MY BENCH HANDS AT MY
SPREAD! --- ~~GOODBY!~~

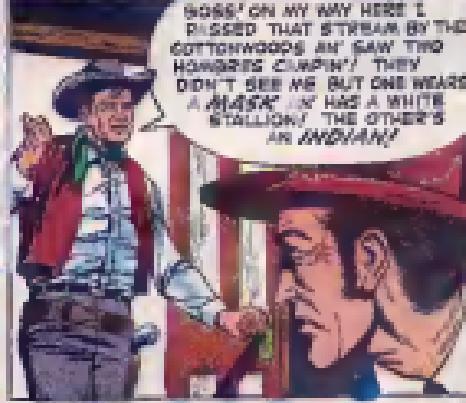
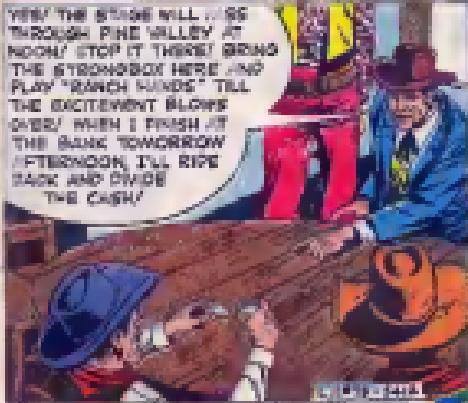
SOON -- AREA, JUST LEARNED THE
ROCKPOINT MINING COMPANY
IS EXPECTING ITS RAILROLL TO COME TO
MY BARN ON TOMORROW'S STAGE
FROM 6 TO 10:00 PM! THAT'LL BRING
OVER TEN THOUSAND FOR US!

YOU'RE ROUGH
ON SOMEONE
ON THE PAYROLL,
BOSS?

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WE'LL THE STAGE WILL GO
THROUGH THE VALLEY AT
NOON; STOP IT THERE! BRING
THE STRANGERS HERE AND
PLAY "RANCH HUMPS" TILL
THE EXCITEMENT BLOWS
OVER; WHEN I FINISH AT
THE BANK TOMORROW
AFTERNOON, I'LL RIDE
BACK AND DIVIDE
THE CASH!



2020-2021. Data and notes on Form 3-202 and copies arranged under Table Form 3-202.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, including a daytime phone and address label.

ALL COMICS ARE 6000 COMICS

BOSS, TUGGS TWO
SOUND LIKE—

—I KNOW WHO THEY SOUND
LIKE BUT I DON'T CARE IF
THE MASKED MAN OF THE
LONG BANDIT WE'LL GO
THROUGH WITH THE
HOLDUP!



THEY MUD HAVE HEARD
OF THE GANG THAT'S
BEEN STOPPIN' STAGES
AROUND HERE AND BE
ON OUR TRAIL—

—THEY MIGHT BE BUT
DUGG KNOWS WHERE
THEY'RE CAMPED. YOU'LL
MAKE SURE THE MASKED
MAN AND INDIANAREN'T
AROUND AFTER TONIGHT!



LATER

NEIGH!



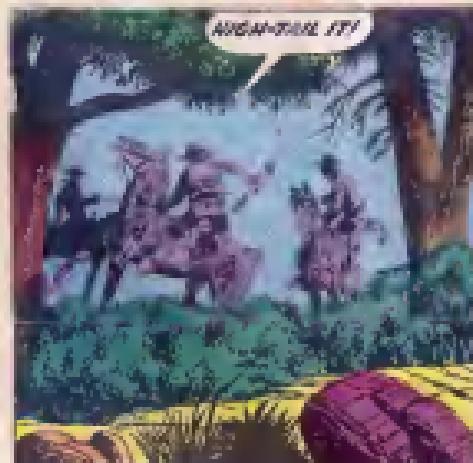
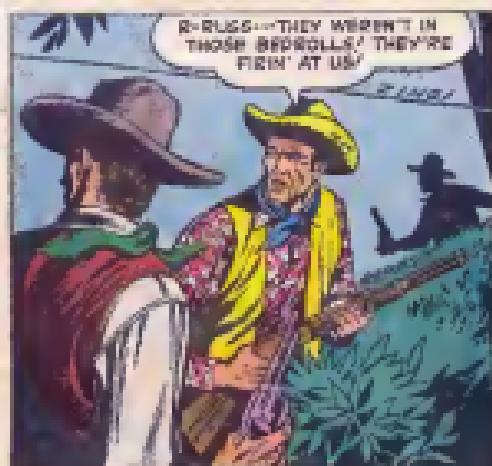
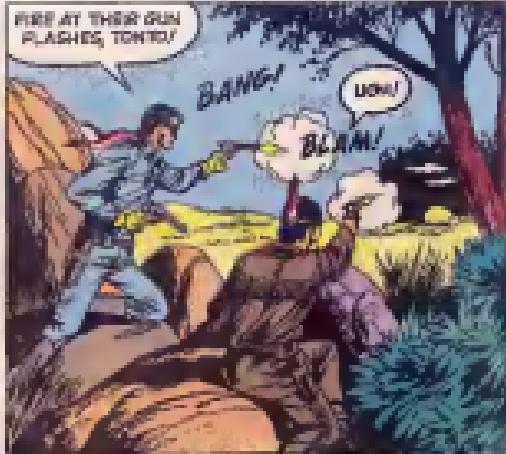
SILVER'S STIRRING—I'LL NOT
SET UP BUT FEELING IM
STILL ASLEEP

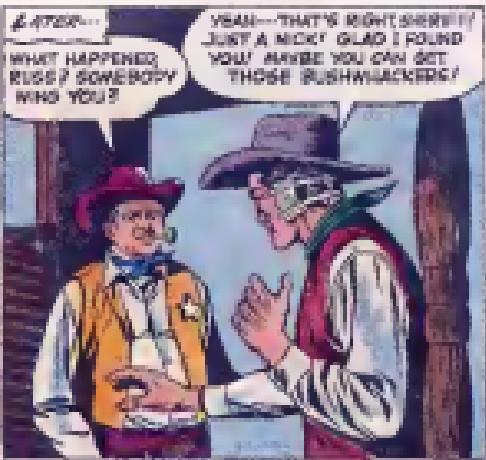


TONTO—WAKE UP BUT STAY
DOWN! SLIP OUT OF YOUR
BLANKETS AND CRAWL
FOR THE TREES!

THEY'RE IN THEIR BLANKET
ROLLS! —SHOOT!







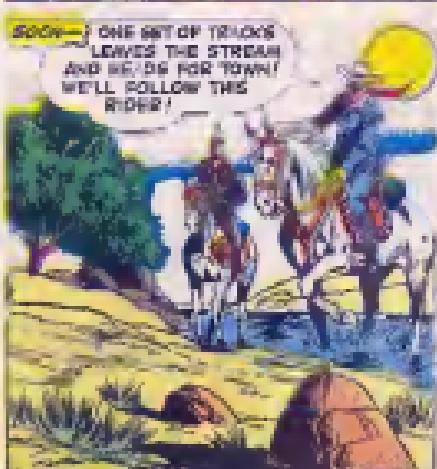
I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THEM BEFORE
I LIT OUT! ONE WAS MASKED,
THE OTHER WAS A JEEPSEEKIN'!
I FIGURE THEY BELONG TO
THAT OUTLAW GANG THAT'S
BEEN RAISING THE STAKES!

THIS MAY BE
THE BREAK
I'VE BEEN
LOOKIN' FOR! WHERE'D
YOU SEE THEM?



A MILE UP ALONG THE
MAIN TRAIL, WHERE THE
STREAM CUTS THROUGH
THE COTTONWOODS!

THE MOON'S BRIGHT
TONIGHT! I'LL FORM
A HORSE AND TRY TO
FIND 'EM!



I KNOW THE SHERIFF OF
ROCKPOINT, TONTOS!
HE'S RUSS!

REACH!

DO AS HE SAYS, TONTOS. I WAS
MISTAKEN--HE'S A STRANGERS!
HE MUST BE A NEW SHERIFF!

THEY AMBUSHED
RUSS! WATCH
THEM CLOSELY!



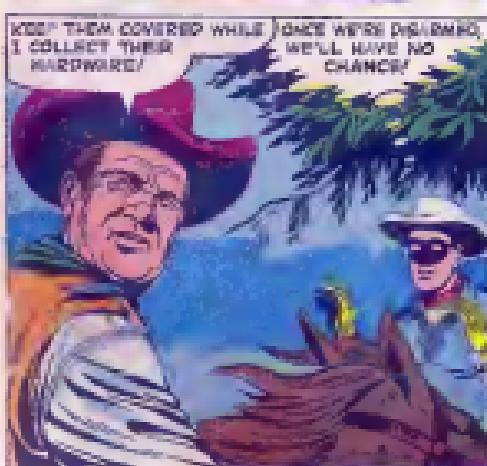
WHO ARE OUTLAWS, SHERIFF, AND WE
DON'T AMBUSH ANYONE! WE----

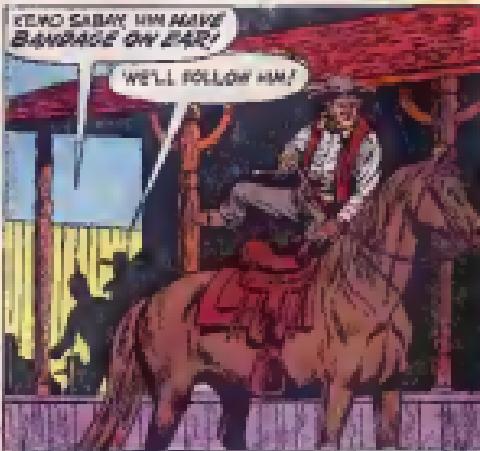
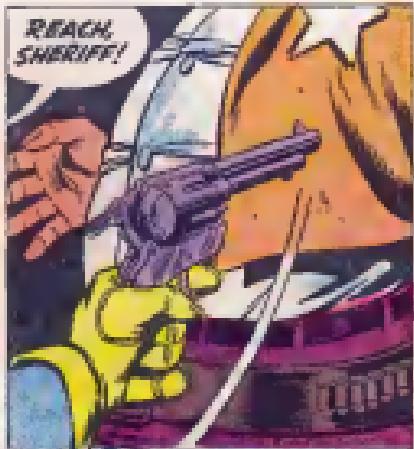
—YOU'RE WEARING A MASK! WE KNOW A
MASKED MAN AND AN INDIAN JUMPED A RANCH
HAND EARLIER! LUCKY FOR YOU, YOU ONLY
KILLED RUSS' BAR!

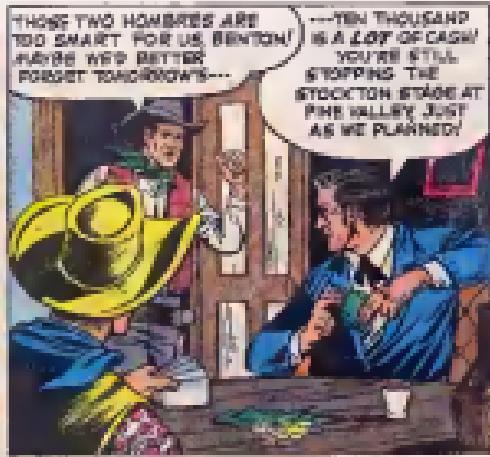


KEEP THEM COVERED WHILE I ODE MYSELF DISARMED.
I COLLECT THEIR
HARDWARE!

AS THE SHERIFF COULD BETWEEN THE LONG
ARMED AND THE GUN-SQUITTING RODEO HUT,
SUDDENLY...







TONTO AND I CAME HERE, SHERIFF, TO
HELP YOU CAPTURE THE STAGE
ROBBER. GAH! I KNEW YOUR
PREDECESSOR, SHERIFF HOWARD!
WE WORKED TOGETHER MORE
THAN ONCE!

YOU
WORKED
WITH
THE
LAW?

Y-YOUR BULLETS... THEY'RE
SHAMMER AND YOU CALLED
YOUR HORSE SILVER?
MISTER, IF YOU'RE TALKING
STRAIGHT YOU MUST BE—

—I'LL HOLSTER
MY GUN AS
PROOF OF MY
IDENTITY. I'M
NOT AFRAID
OF THE LAW!



QUICKLY THE LONGHORN TELLS THEM WHAT
HE OVERHEARD—

BENTON—THAT
BASWOOD BANK
CASHIER IS THE
LEADER OF
THE GANG!

I—I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! FATHER SHERIFF!
SURE COMES AS
A SHOCK!

WE KNOW HE IS THE LEADER FOR CERTAIN,
SHERIFF! BUT BENTON WILL NOT BE AT FINE
VALLEY WHEN THE STAGE IS ROBBED TOMORROW!
THERE IS A WAY TO GET EVIDENCE AGAINST THE
GANG AND BENTON THOUGHT! LET THE GANG
ROB THE STAGE AND SEND THIS TELEGRAM
TO STOCKTON—



WEST HOWARD—
GOOD THING YOU GOT
ME AT THAT DEPUTY'S
JOB, BENTON, SO'S I COULD
SAY FOR YOU! THE MASKED
MAN KNOWS ALL ABOUT
THE STAGE ROBBERY! THE
POSS'LL LET THE GANG GRAB
THE STRONGBOX AND TAKE
IT TO THE RANCH!

THEN WHEN HOWY RETURN TO
DIVIDE THE LOOT, THEY'LL GET
YOU ALL WITH THE STOLEN
STRONGBOX! THEY'LL ONLY
BE PAPERS IN MY SHERIFF
TELEGRAPHED STOCKTON SO
THE MASKED MAN COULD CARRY
THE PAYROLL A MILE AHEAD
THE STAGE!

PERFECTLY I'LL JOIN
THE MEN, LET THE
STAGE PASS BY
AND THEN JUMP
THE MASKED
MAN AND
HINDANI!





LATER--HERE ENTRANCE
TO PINE VALLEY,
KING SABAY!

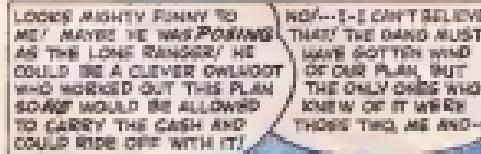
REW IN,
TOMTO!

THE STAGE SHOULD HAVE BEEN
STOPPED BY NOW--BUT WE'VE
HEARD NO SHOTS! WE'LL SCOUT
AHEAD ON FOOT. SOMETHING
SEEMS WRONG!



IGHTWALK IN PINE VALLEY--
THE STAGE CLEARED PINE VALLEY
AND GOT ON THE ROAD TO TOWN
WITHOUT ANYONE EVER TRYING
TO STOP IT, SHERIFF!

C-CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE
MAN WHO GAVE US THE INFORMATION
THAT IT WOULD BE ROBBED IS
EASILY MISTAKEN!



LOOKS MIGHTY FUNNY TO
ME! MAYBE HE WAS POKING
AS THE LONE RANGER! HE
COULD BE A CLEVER SNIPER
WHO WORKED OUT THIS PLAN
SO CLOSE! HE WOULD BE ALLOWED
TO CARRY THE CASH AND
COULD RIDE OFF WITH IT!

NO! I-I CAN'T BELIEVE
THAT! THE GANG MUST
HAVE GOTTERNED MIND
OF OUR PLAN, BUT
THE ONLY GENS WHO
KNEW OF IT WERE
THOSE TWO, ME AND--

MY DEPUTY! BENTON WAS THE ONE
WHO RECOMMENDED HIM TO ME TWO MONTHS
AGO! IF BENTON'S LEAVING THE GANG, MY
DEPUTY COULD BE IN WITH THEM! AND HE KILLED
BENTON! THEN, THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN
SEE HEADING INTO AN AMBUSH!



WE'RE RIDING BACK TO MEET THE JASPER MAN AND INDIAN DEPUTY RIDE RIGHT BECAUSE ME! --- LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE --- KERO SABAE BY BOULDERS

--- THEY LET THE STAGE GO BY UNWORLSTER! THEY MINT BE WAITING FOR US!



WE'LL CREEP UP AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE BEFORE ---

COW! COW!



SOMEONE IS CRAWLING UP BEHIND US! --- USE YOUR GUNS!



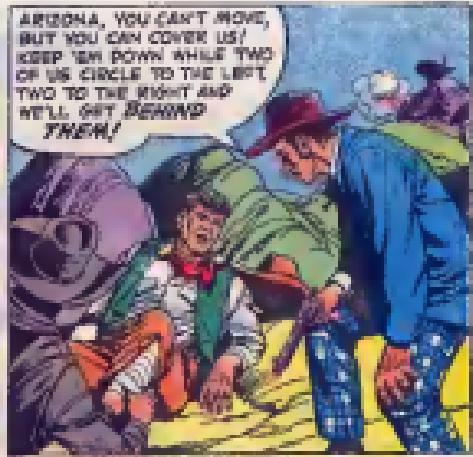
BANG!

BLAM!

TAKE COVER AND START FIRING!

LIGHT, BUT THEY'RE ANGRY OUTLAWY! WE ONLY TWO!





AS THE OUTLAWS ARE CAUGHT IN THE CROSS FIRE,
SUDDENLY--

THE DEPUTY IS
RUSHING AT THE
OUTLAWS!

BANG!

BLAM!

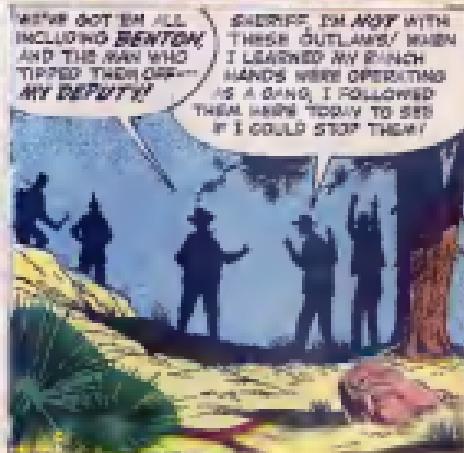
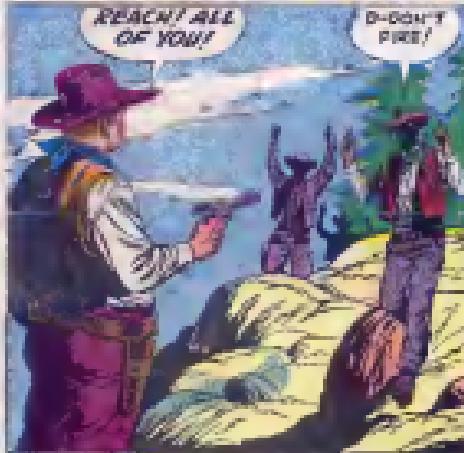
YEEHAW!

REACH! ALL
OF YOU!

D--DON'T
FIRE!

WE'VE GOT 'EM ALL
INCLUDING BENTON,
AND THE MAN WHO
TIPPED THEM OFF--
MY DEPUTY!

SHERRIFF, I'M AFRAID WITH
THESE OUTLAWS, WHEN
I LEARNED MY SQUATCH
HANDS WERE OPERATING
AS A GANG, I FOLLOWED
THEM HERE TODAY TO SEE
IF I COULD STOP THEM!



"YOU LYIN' BLUZZARD! JUST LOOK
WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', SHERIFF.
AN' YOU'LL FIND OUT WHO GOT
THE BIGGEST SHARE OF THE
RECENT ROBBERIES!"

"THAT SHOULD BE
ALL THE EVIDENCE
YOU'LL NEED, SHERIFF.
TOMMY AND I WILL
DELIVER THE PAYROLL
TO ROCKPOINT!
ADIOS!"



"YOU WERE CLEVER, BENTON, BUT
YOU COULDN'T PULL THE WOOL
OVER THE EYES OF ONE MAN--
THE LONE RANGER!"

"AN'-NO,
SILVER! AWAY!"



the Lone Ranger

MOOSE MILLER'S FALL

AT THE TERRITORIAL PRISON...

MILLER!
MILLER!—WHERE
IN TERRAHOLIC IS
THAT KILLER? H-HE
COULDNT HAVE
BROKEN OUT THE
DOORS LOOKIN'

HERE I AM!

UH-HH—H-HE'S SILENCED FOR KEEPS!
H-HE'S GOT TO TAKE HIS GUN AND
GET A HORSEY!

STILL LIVIN' MOOSE MILLER WALKS HIS RAY ALONG
THE COURTYARD AND OPENS THE COURTYARD DOOR
WITH THE DEAD GUARD'S KEY...

FREE!
EM OUT OF THAT
BLASTED JAIL!

GRABBY!

THREE NIGHTS LATER, IN THE LIVING ROOM BEHIND THE GENERAL STORE IN GREENVILLE...

AND THEN THE LONE RANGER AND I CHARGED THE STAGE ROBBERS WITH OUR FISTS A-SWINGIN' WE DROPPED THEM EIGHT AND LEFT!

WHERE WAS TONTO? I THOUGHT HE ALWAYS WAS WITH THE LONE RANGER!



NOT ALONE, JIMMY TONTO WAS AWAY THEN AND I TOOK HIS PLACE AS THE LONE RANGER'S SIDEKICK!

NIGHT, MAM AND GRAMP --- GOLLY, YOU SURE MUST HAVE BEEN AN IMPORTANT MAN IF THE LONE RANGER PICKED YOU AS HIS PARTNER!



WELL, DAD, WE REALLY BELIEVES YOU AROUND THE LONE RANGER!

JIMMY ASKED ME IF I'D EVER BEEN THE LONE RANGER? I DON'T WANT TO SAY "NO" 'CAUSE ONE FIB LED TO ANOTHER! HOW 'BOUT THE LONE RANGER'S HELPER? I SWEAR JIMMY, I'LL NEVER FB AGAIN IF I CAN JUST GET OUT OF THIS!



I'M CERTAIN JIMMIE WILL NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE TO QUESTION THE LONE RANGER. HE HADN'T BEEN IN THESE PARTS FOR TWO YEARS, NOT SINCE SINCE...

—HE CAPTURED AND JAILED MOOSE MILLER!



THAT COLD-BLOODED KILLER SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANGED FOR SHOOTING MY JIM IN THE BACK! I WISH I'D BEEN THE JUDGE WHO SENTENCED MILLER...

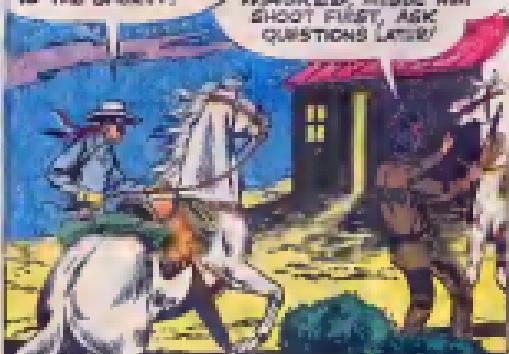
THE JUDGE SAID HE COULDN'T HANG MILLER, THERE WAS ONLY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM BUT HE'S IN JAIL FOR LIFE!



LATER, IN THE HILLS NEAR GREENVILLE...

STAY WITH THE HORSES, TONTO, WHILE I TALK TO THE SHERIFF!

KEEAD SABADY, DOOR OPENIN'! IF HAM SEE YOU MASKED, MEBBE HIM SHOOT FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER!



A MASKED MAN!

DO YOU REMEMBER
TOMIE AND ME,
SHERIFF?



OH! IT'S YOU!... HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU OR TOMIE SINCE
MOOSE MILLER WAS
CAPTURED?

THAT'S WHY WE
REPTURNED
SHERIFF! HE
BROKE OUT OF
JAIL THREE DAYS
AGO!



THAT MURDERING
GRENTRY'S AT LARGE!

YES, BUT HE'LL HANG IF
HE'S CAUGHT AGAIN! HE
KILLED A GUARD ESCAPING
AND THIS TIME, THERE'S MORE
THAN CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE
AGAINST HIM!



HERE ARE SOME HANDBILLS
WITH HIS LATEST PICTURE! HE
WAS HEARING ABOUT ME! IS
THERE ANYONE WHO KNEW
HIM BEFORE HE WAS
ARRESTED AND MIGHT
KNOW WHERE HE'S
HID OUT?

YOU'LL FIND 'EM!
SHEPPARD KNEW
HE'D BE GLAD TO HELP
MY POLICE IN THE
MORNING! MILLER
KILLED HIS SON-
IN-LAW, JIM!



HEY, HOWDY!—
SORRY, SHERIFF, BUT
GRAMP AND MOTHER
ARE BOTH OUT OF
TOWN! ROSE TO THE
STATION AT EVER SINCE
TO PICK UP SUPPLIES
LEFT ME IN CHARGE!

TELL GRAMP I STOPPED BY
AND SINCE HE'S AWAY IN
CHARGE, I'LL TACK UP
THIS HANDBILL!



MINUTES LATER—

HERE'S A LIST, KID!
GET THE THINGS
TOGETHER AND STEP
LIVELY!



FIVE CANS OF TOMATOES,
FOUR POUNDS OF FLOUR—

—MOOSE!



WONDER WHO HE IS? THE WAY HIS HAT IS TILTED DOWN YOU'D ALMOST THINK HE DUNAFT WANT TO BE SEEN!

—MARRY



MAHSE THIS WILL GET HIS HAT OFF!

CLUMSY KID!



—MOOSE MILLER!
—YOU SHOT MY —

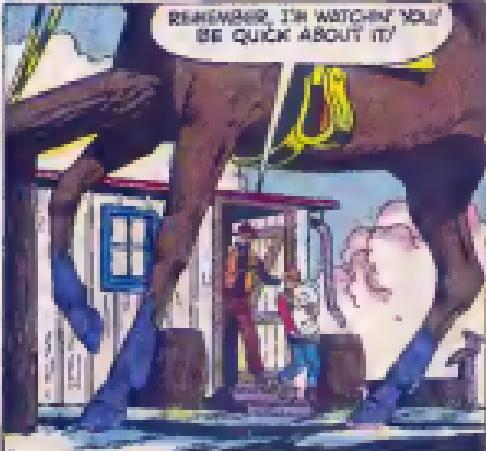
QUIET, KID!



YOU'RE TOO SHIT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, KID. TAKE THE GOODS AND PUT THEM IN MY BAG. I'LL SHOTTA' A SHOT TILL ALERT THE TOWN, BUT IF YOU TRY ANYTHING, I'LL SHOOT!



REMEMBER, I'M WATCHIN' YOU!
BE QUICK ABOUT IT!



A MINUTE LATER—

BY THE TIME YOU WOKE FREE OR SOMEONE COMES IN HERE, I'LL BE SAWED!



LATER—

THERE I—IM FREE!



JIMMY!

SUFFERING SAGEBRUSH
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU, JIMMY?



QUEBEC JIMMY TELLS HOW THE SHERIFF CAME
FOR HIS GRANDFATHER AND HOW HE
ABANDONED ACROSS MILLER—

WHERE ARE YOU
GOING, DAD?

I'VE GOT
SOMETHING TO
TAKE CARE OF,
MOM!



THAT NIGHT—

IN WORRIER'S HERRING
MY DAD LEFT BEFORE
SUNDOWN! I THOUGHT
HE JOINED YOUR FORCE
IN THE SEARCH FOR
MOOSE MILLER!



WE DIDN'T
SEE HIM—OR
MOOSE MILLER!

SHERIFF FURY AND
ME—THE—THE—

—JIMMY GET
BACK INTO BED!



I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING
IMPORTANT! I'VE GOT TO TELL IT TO
THEM NOW!—WHEN I LOADED
MOOSE MILLER'S SADDLEBAGS, I
SAW BLUE CLAY ON HIS
HORSE'S HOOFS AND MANE!

BLUE
CLAY?

YES, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE AROUND
HERE WHERE YOU CAN FIND BLUE CLAY! GRAMP
AND I ALWAYS GOT IT ON OUR BOOTS WHEN WE
WENT FISHING AND COOKED
OUR CATCH IN PIRATE'S
CAVE!

HOW DO WE GET
THERE, JIMMY?



I COULDN'T EXACTLY
TELL YOU HOW, BUT I
COULD SHOW YOU
THE WAY!

AND, JIMMY! YOUR
GRANDFATHER
KNOWS HOW TO
REACH THE CAVE, TOO!
WE'LL WAIT TILL HE'S
RETURNED.



BUT BY MORNING, JEREMIAH STEPHENS STILL
HADN'T RETURNED AND JIMMY LEADS THE BOY—

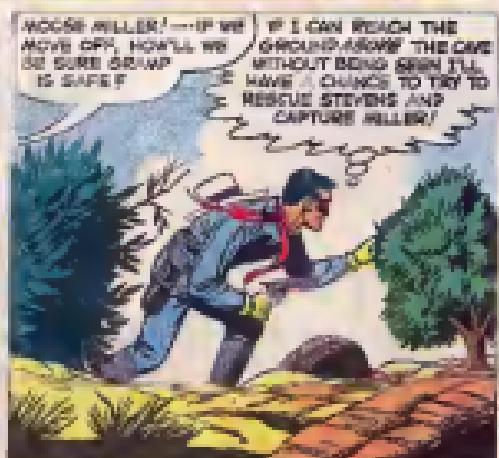
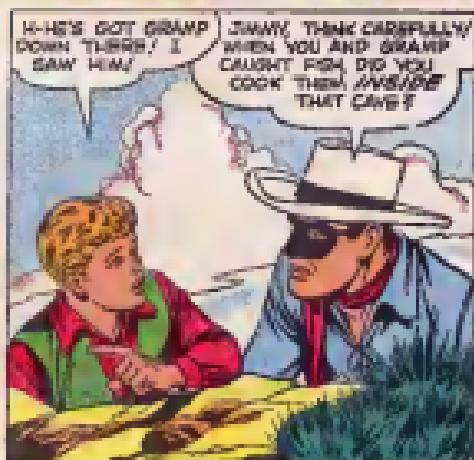
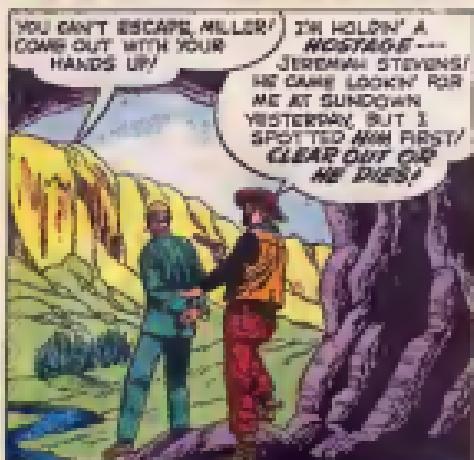
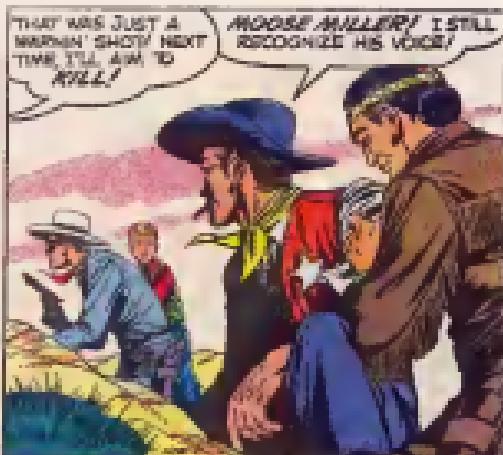
KEEP BACK, JIMMY! YOUR ANOTHER
MADE US RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU...
SEE THE SPRING
COMING FROM
THAT CAVE? THAT'S
PIRATE'S CAVE!



IT'S A GOOD HIDING PLACE! THERE'S
WATER AND YOU CAN COOK HERE...

SOMEONE'S SHOOTIN'
DOWN!





YOU'LL HAVE TO
TAKE MY WORD FOR
THAT! HOW GUT!



A HOLE! — IN JIMMY AND HIS GRANDFATHER COOKED INSIDE THE CAVE WHEN IT WAS RAINING AND THEY WEREN'T BOthered BY THE SMOKE, I WAS CERTAIN THERE WOULD BE A NATURAL CHIMNEY INSIDE! THIS MUST BE IT!



AS JIMMY KEEPS STROLLING ACROSS MILLER WITH QUESTIONS, THE LONG RANGER FEELS HIS WAY DOWN...

JUST ENOUGH
ROOM! I HOPE MILLER
DON'T HEAR ME COMING
OR I'LL BE A
PRINCIPLELESS
TARGET!



QUIT TALKIN' AND START
MOVIN'! IF I DON'T SEE YOU
RIDE OFF BY THE TIME I
COUNT TO TEN, I'M PLUGGIN'
THIS OLD CRITTER! ---

ONE --- TWO ---



WHAT IN BLAZES?

I CAN'T USE MY GUN
WITHOUT THE RISK OF
KILLING STEVENS!



YOU AGAIN! — HOW
I'LL EVEN SCORE!







RAW COURAGE

Hop Harper lay quietly on his bunk in the corner of the tiny cabin. As he watched the two hulking figures lounging at their ease at the table near the stove Hop's wrists strained at the rawhide ropes that held them. Strained and then relaxed. No use fighting that rawhide. It was there to stay. Though all five feet-two of his slender frame beaded with rage Hop's face showed nothing but calm resignation. In the center of the room, his two captors got up and moved toward the pile of furs bundled up in the cabin corner.

In spite of their huge, hulking size the two Kirk brothers moved on quick, cat-like feet. Men learn to walk that way when they live on the far side of the law the way Shad and Gil Kirk lived . . . by peddling illegal whisky on the reservations, running guns to renegade Indians in the hills and robbing traplines in their spare time. Lying on his bunk, Hop smiled ironically—the Kirks were merely expanding their operations a bit. It was open robbery now, and perhaps something worse before this was over.

"Took me most of the winter to get those pelts," said Hop, dryly.

"We sure appreciate all your hard work, Shorty. We figured we'd give you a hand by taking these skins to the trading post for you." It was Shad who had answered him. The thief's thick lips twisted in a grin.

Hop watched them drag the bundles of furs out through the door. When Shad returned for a new load, Hop spoke again. "Don't like for people to call me Shorty."

Shad looked across at him with an indul-

gent smile. "Sure, Shorty," he said, "wouldn't want to offend a big man like you." He lifted another bundle to his shoulders and headed for the door. "Sure is a mean job-carrying all these pelts out to the horses."

"Things would be a lot easier if I had these ropes off, Shad," commented Hop. "You wouldn't have gotten away with this if you hadn't slipped in when I was asleep." Shad put down the fur and grinned. "We were doing you a favor, Shorty. Reckon it would take a full size man to handle even one of us."

Hop's lips tightened. "You called me Shorty again, Shad. I told you I didn't like it." Gil Kirk walked across the room and scrounged through the mess on the table. He found what he wanted and shoved another slab of hard-tack into his mouth. He leaned across at Hop.

"He crows mighty loud for a small-sized rooster, don't you think, Shad? Seems to me there's not enough of him there to scare a healthy jackrabbit." Shad grinned back and scratched the weak-old growth on his face.

"Wouldn't talk like that if I were you, Gil. Shorty, here, is the sensitive type. He can be mighty dangerous when he's riled."

Behind him Hop's wrists strained madly at their thongs but his face didn't show the effort. Shorty. When he first came into this country they called him that. In this land of tall mountains and hulking men it was almost natural that Hop would have to bear that nickname. But, scrappy bastom that he was, his slashing fists and bulldog courage

had convinced the trappers and mountain men of the Teton range that it was better short of suicide to call him anything but Hop Harper. Now, in his bunk, Hop swallowed hard but the hurt still wouldn't go down.

"You're leaving me here alone like this?" he asked.

"You won't be alone long," grinned Shad. "It won't take more'n a day for the wolves to find you."

Hop's eyes blazed in angry desperation. "You'll see me again, boys," he grinded.

Gil swaggered lumberingly to the bunk, his eyes pin-points of contempt. "For a little guy you talk too much. It's beginning to bother me. I'm shutting you up, Shorty."

He swung his horn-like fist and oblivion closed down on Hop.

When Hop came to, the Kirks were long since gone, but the rage inside the little trapper was just bursting into flame. With an effort he hunched his body and rolled to the floor. Slowly, he began wriggling toward the hot stove on the other side of the room. A grim smile played on his face. It would take him awhile to make it to the stove. It would be even harder to fight his way into a position where he could burn off his ropes. But Hop could do it. There was enough anger in him for that. For that and more.

Hop started after the Kirks with nothing but the rawhide strips they had tied him with. The thieves had taken his furs, his traps, his food and horses. They had left him only the anger that seethed inside of him. Yet it was that seething anger that spurred him down the broad trail they had left in the hard-crusted snow. It whipped him along as he climbed up and over the gale-swept ridges and plowed through the valleys drifted deep with snow, resting only for food and shelter in the isolated cabins along the way.

But, at last, Hop stood on the rise above MacFarland's trading post. When he saw the horses tethered outside, he smiled with grim anticipation. Gil and Shad were down there.

It was Shad Kirk who first saw Hop come



through the door of the trading post. He was a hulking mountain of a man but he didn't have a chance against the ball of concentrated fury that was Hop Harper.

It was then that Gil Kirk, stunned, aroused himself from his disbelief long enough to grab for his gun. But guns held no fear for Hop now. The little trapper reached for a row of axe handles stacked against the log wall. With his first swing, the gun went flying out of Gil's hand. With the second, he drove Gil into a corner of the log-walled room. Furious, he struck at the big man again and again.

After it was over, MacFarland, the owner of the post, looked at the splintered handles and stared at Hop in amazement. "They told me you were dead, Hop—that you were killed by a bear. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bought those furs. . . . Here, sit down, man, and have a drink. Tell us what happened."

As Hop recounted his story, MacFarland's eyes grew ever wider. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it. Coming all that way on foot . . . and then, still finding the strength to settle with two men like the Kirks." MacFarland rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Still, I can't say I blame you. Your pelts they brought in were worth close to five thousand in trade."

Hop looked at him. "The pelts! Oh, it wasn't the skins they took that got me so mad, Mac. . . . It was more'n that. On top of stealing my furs, those two palecats insisted on calling me Shorty!"

YOUNG HAWK

YOUNG HAWK, I HAVE NEVER SEEN A GREATER FEAT OF SKILL AND BRAVERY THAN YOURS --- KILLING A GRIZZLY BEAR FROE TO FACE --- WITH ONE ARROW!

STANDING BULL, THE SIOUX CHIEF, OFFERS YOUNG HAWK A BARE COMPLIMENT.

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YOU'LL WANT TO CUT OFF THE CLAWS FOR A NECK LACE, WON'T YOU, YOUNG HAWK?

I WANT THE WHOLE HIDE, LITTLE BIRD --- HEAD, CLAWS AND TAIL!

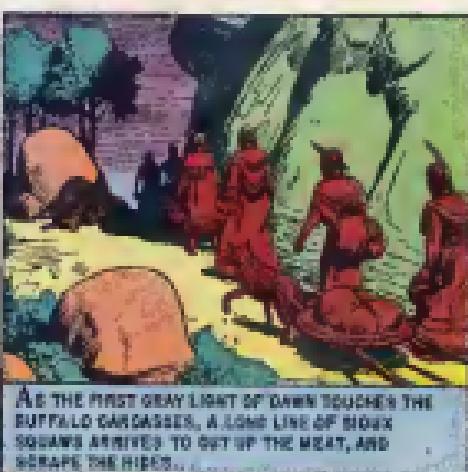
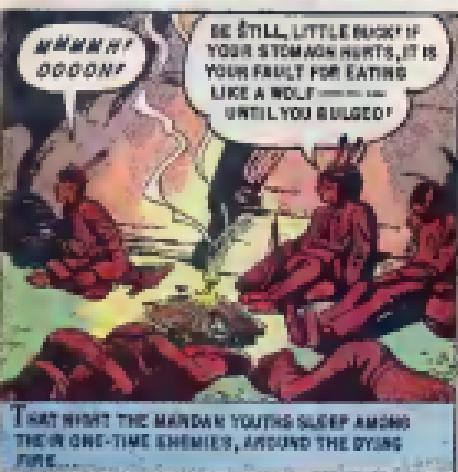
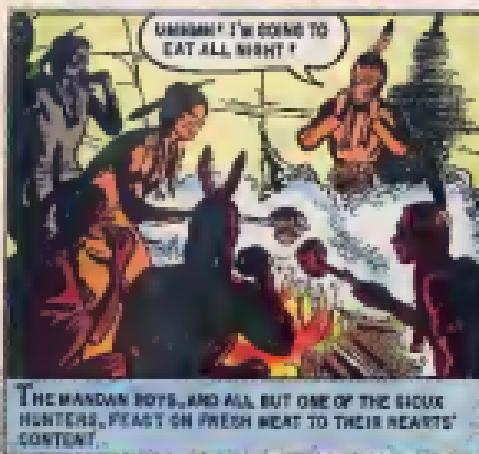
BUT --- WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH A HIDE THAT SIZE, YOUNG HAWK?

I'LL SHOW YOU LATER! GET BUSY, LITTLE BIRD!

WHEW! IT IS EVEN BIGGER THAN I THOUGHT!

NOW WE'LL PEG IT DOWN, WHERE THE GROUND IS HARD AND FLAT

WITH THE SIOUX HELPING, THE HIDE IS SOON OFF ...



ALL THE NEXT DAY — — —

THIS IS HARDFIX WORK,
YOUNG HAWK! SCRAPPY
HIDE IS NOT FIT FOR A
MANDAH WARRIOR!

IT WON'T HURT US --
SEEMS THAT IT HAVEN'T
ANY SQUAWNS TO WORK
FOR US, LITTLE BUCK!



ANYWAY, WHAT
GOOD WILL THIS OLD
BEARSKIN BE TO US?
EVEN DRY, IT WILL
WEIGH NEARLY
AS MUCH AS
A MAN!



THIS BEARSKIN WILL HELP US REACH
HOME, LITTLE BUCK, SOONER — — — AND
WITH LESS FOOT! THAT SHOULD MAKE
YOU HAPPY!



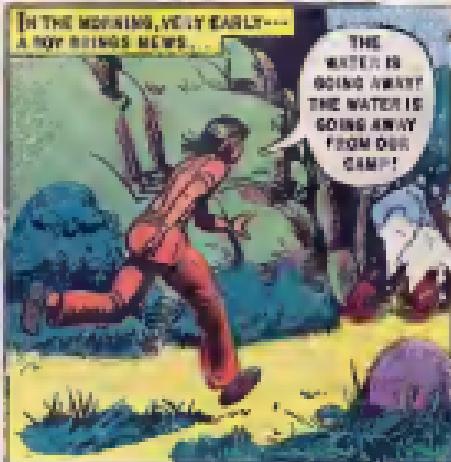
COME ON — — — HELP ME HANG
IT FROM A LIMB OF THIS TREE?
WE'LL BUILD A FIRE UNDER
A BRANCH, AND SMOKE IT
TONIGHT!



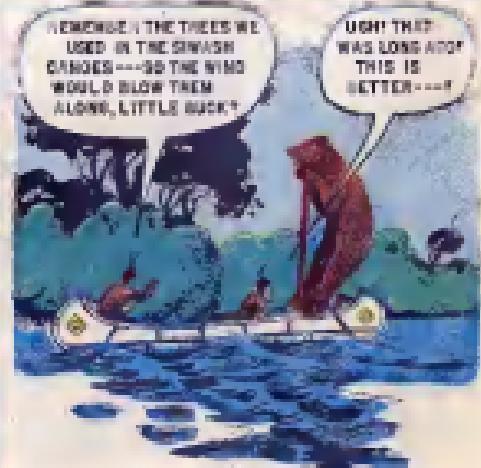
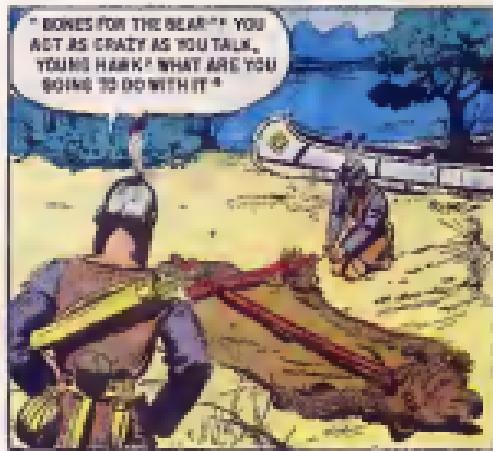
THAT'S RIGHT — — — WHILE LITTLE BUCK SLEEPS — — —
YOUNG HAWK SMOKED THE HIDE AND RUBBED IT CARE-
FULLY IN HIS HANDS TO TAKE SOME OF THE
STIFFNESS OUT.

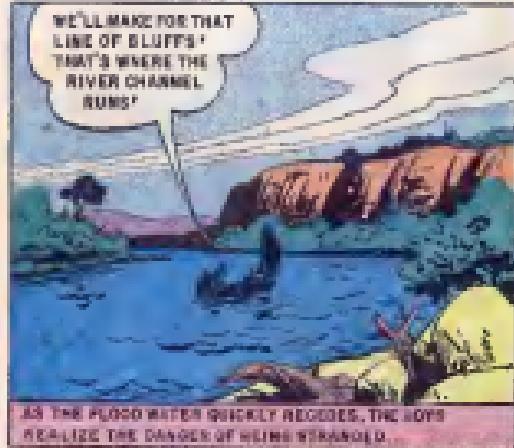
IN THE MORNING, VERY EARLY — — —
A BOY BRINGS NEWS...

THE
WATER IS
GOING AWAY!
THE WATER IS
GOING AWAY
FROM OUR
CAMP!



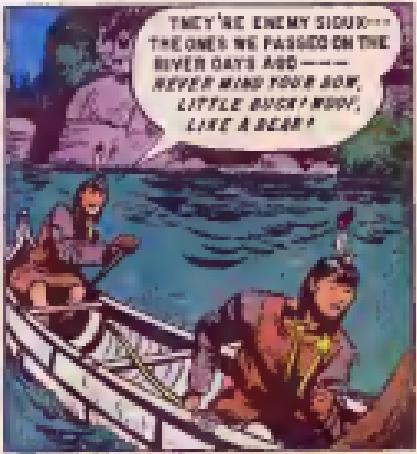




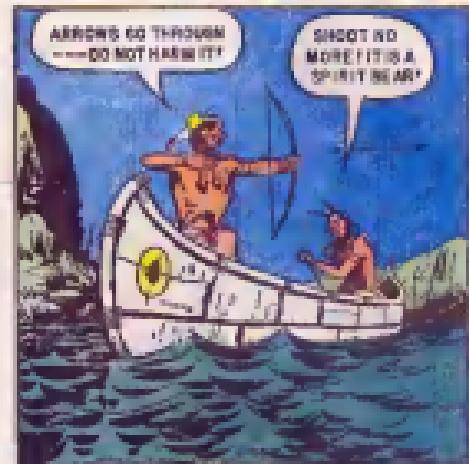


AS THE FLOOD WATER QUICKLY REGRESSES, THE BOYS REALIZE THE DANGER OF BEING STRANDED...



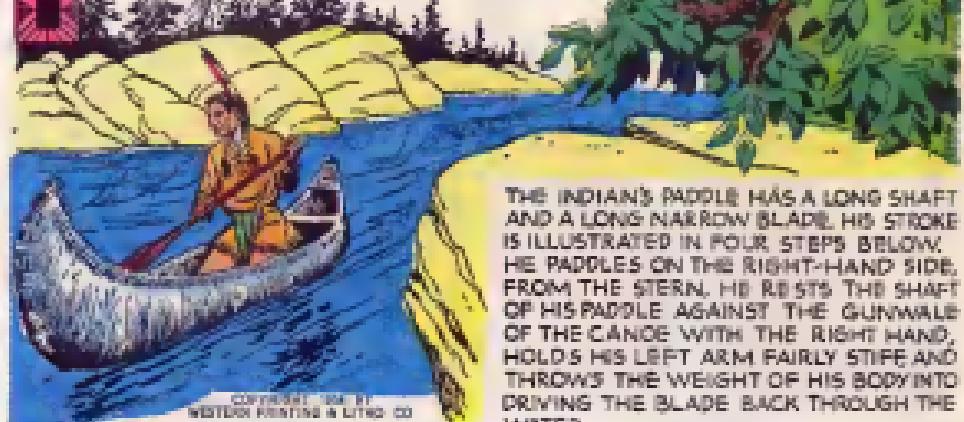


ALL AT ONCE, THE SIOUX CANOES MOVE HASTILY AHEAD...





THE INDIAN CANOEIST



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LONG BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME TO AMERICA, THE INDIAN WAS EXPERT AT PADDLING THE BIRCH-BARK CANOE AND THE DUGOUT CRAFT. HIS PADDLING STYLE LOOKS STIFF AND UNGRACEFUL TO THE WHITE CANOEIST — BUT HIS BIRCH BARK SKIMS THROUGH WATER WITH THE SPEED OF A SOUNDLESS ARROW!

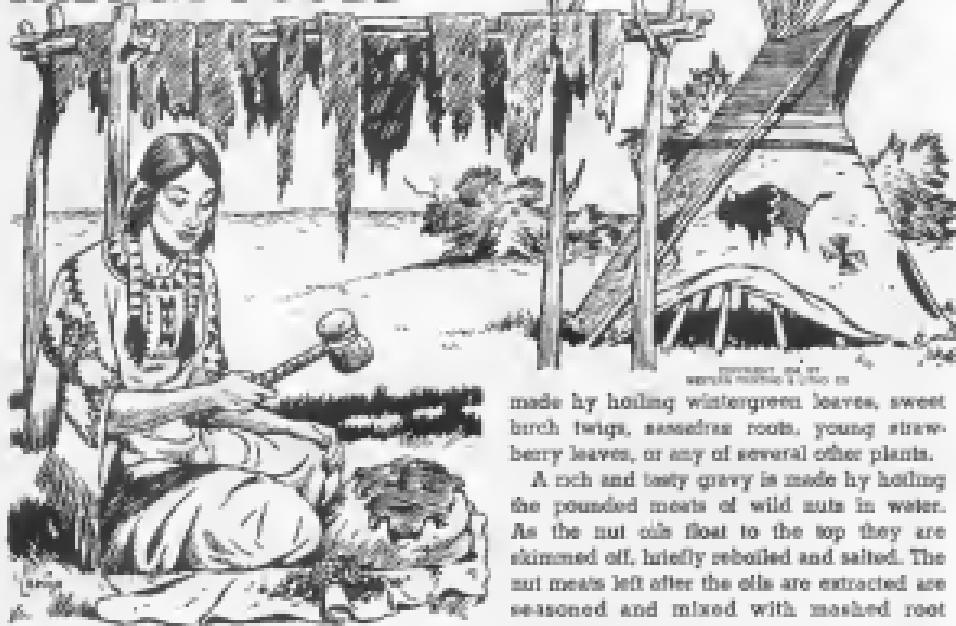
THE INDIAN'S PADDLE HAS A LONG SHAFT AND A LONG NARROW BLADE. HIS STROKE IS ILLUSTRATED IN FOUR STEPS BELOW. HE PADDLES ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE, FROM THE STERN, HE RESTS THE SHAFT OF HIS PADDLE AGAINST THE GUNWALE OF THE CANOE WITH THE RIGHT HAND, HOLDS HIS LEFT ARM FAIRLY STIFF AND THROWS THE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY INTO DRIVING THE BLADE BACK THROUGH THE WATER.

AS THE BLADE TRAVELS BACKWARD, THE INDIAN TURNS THE BUTT IN HIS LEFT HAND COUNTERCLOCKWISE TO MAKE THE BLADE TURN OUT (SEE DRAWINGS). THIS KEEPS THE CANOE ON ITS COURSE, INSTEAD OF VEERING TO THE LEFT.

IF YOU WANT TO SHOW UP YOUR FELLOW CANOEISTS, PRACTICE THE INDIAN STROKE



INDIAN FOODS



One of the most important foods of the Plains Indians of earlier days was pemmican, which was made from dried buffalo meat, pounded fine with dried berries, and preserved in melted fat. Plains tribes still make pemmican as in the past, but dried beef, or "jerky," is now substituted for buffalo meat, and raisins often replace dried wild berries. The pounded ingredients are encased in melted suet, and will keep indefinitely.

However, the Indian diet is not confined to wild game and fish, as we are likely to imagine. Indian meals may also include such foods as corn, squash, hominy, nut-meal gravy, corn mush, acorn mush, Indian potatoes, and a variety of others.

Indian potatoes are really plant roots, such as cattail roots, camas roots, groundnuts, or "wild potatoes," all of which are often dried and pounded into bread flours. A real wheat bread is baked by the Zuni Indians in outdoor, beehive-shaped adobe ovens. The Hopi Indian's piki bread is almost paper-thin and shaped like huge pancakes. It is baked by quickly spreading a handful of cornmeal batter over a flat griddle stone greased with suet (see right). Tea-like beverages are

made by boiling wintergreen leaves, sweet birch twigs, sassafras roots, young strawberry leaves, or any of several other plants.

A rich and tasty gravy is made by boiling the pounded meats of wild nuts in water. As the nut oils float to the top they are skimmed off, briefly rebolled and salted. The nut meats left after the oils are extracted are seasoned and mixed with mashed root potatoes.

Indians are especially fond of corn roasted in the husks over a bed of hot coals. But parched corn has always been a favorite food among Indian hunters and warriors, because it can be ground to flour and quickly made into an uncooked gruel that is capable of providing strength on long journeys. It is also light to carry. Corn and pemmican are the two most important foods in the larders of the Plains Indians.



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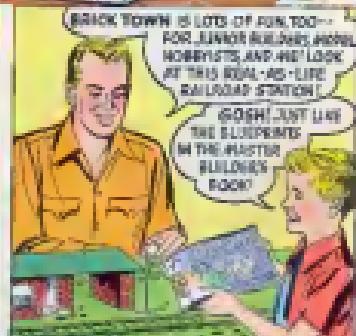
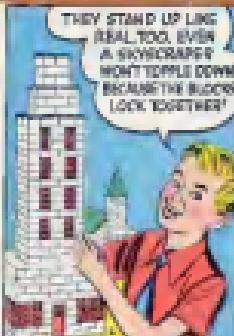
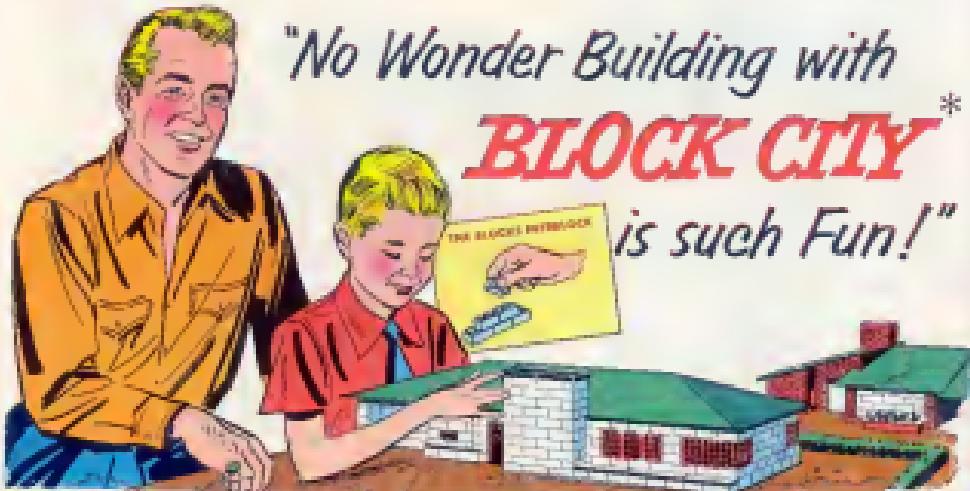


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